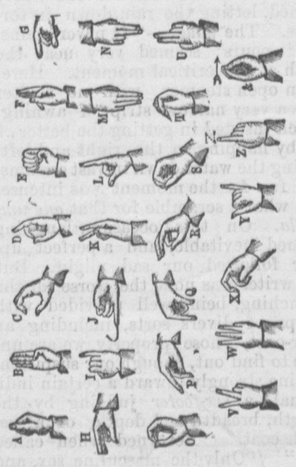
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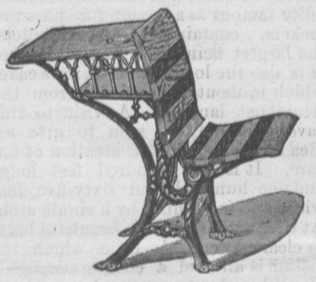
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POETRY.

Them Yankee Blankits.

WHERE SUFFERING AND BROTHERLY KINDNESS BROUGHT HEARTS TOGETHER.

Yes, John, I was down thar at Memphis
A-workin' around at the boats,
A-heavin' o' cotton with emph'sis
An' a-loadin' her outer the floats.
I was comin' away from Ole Texas,
Whar I went, you know, arter the wah—
'Bout it now I'll make no reflexes,
But wait till I git ter long taw.

Well, while I was down thar the fever
As yaller an' pizen as sin,
Broke out; an' ef you'll beleeve her,
Wharever she hit she struck in!
It didn't take long in the hatchin',
It jes' fa'rly bred in the air,
Till a hosspitel camp warn't a patchin'
An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.

I volunteer'd then with the Howards—
I thought thet my duty was clear—
An' I didn't look back'ards, but for'ards,
An' went ter my work 'ithout fear.
One day, howsomever, she got me
As quick as the sliot of a gun,
An' they toted me off ter allot me
A bunk tell my life-race was run.

The doctors and nurses they wrestl'd,
But it didn't do me any good;
An' the drugger he poundid and pestl'd
But he didn't git up the right food.
"No blankits ner ice in the city!"—
I hear'd 'em say that from my bed—
An' some one cried: "O God! who'll take pity
On the dyin' that soon'll be dead?"

Next day, howsomeever, the doctor
Come in with a smile on his brow;
"Ole boy, jest as yit we hain't knocked her,"
Said he, "but we'll do fer her now!"
Fer, yer see, John, them folks ter the Nor'ward
Hed hear'd us afor we call'd twice
An' they'd sent us a full cargo forward
Of them much needed blankits an' ice!

Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
Agin' Yankees, yer know, since the wah,
An' agin' reconstrucktin' was stolid
Not kearin' for Kongriss ner law;
But, John, I got onder thet kiver,
That God-blessed gift o' the Yanks,
An' it sav'd me frum fordin' "the river,"
An' I'm prayin' 'em oceans o' thanks!

I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
Old Rebels an' Yanks thet is warm—
It's er brotherly love thet'll speak in us
An' fetch us together in storm;
We may snarl about "niggers an' francheese,"
But whenever thar's sufferin' afoot—
The two trees'll unite in the branches
The same as they do at the root!

STORY TELLER.

A TRAMP.

That is just it. I was a tramp! In the light of to-day I hate to admit it, but I must. I had been a machinist, with a pretty, gentle wife, good wages, a pleasant home; and then the hard times came. Hard enough they were to millions besides me, but I did not think of them. I had more means than many others I knew—food, if it was coarse, fire enough for warmth—but what I wanted, cried out for, raged that I could not get, was delicate living and luxuries, for Annie, for she was dying. I know now nothing could have saved her; consumption is hopeless and hopeless; but one day I went down to Charleston steamer the day she sailed, to adjust some little matter in the machinery that they thought out of gear, I saw the wife of one of the firm for whom I worked up town brought on board to go to Florida for the winter.

She looked a little like Annie; her eyes were clear and gray too, and her face wan and sweet. She was wrapped in soft shawls and lying back in a chair carried by two servants; a kind-faced nurse was with her, and her husband beside her. I had a glimpse at her state room as I passed through the cabin, for they were arranging it so she might be settled before the rest of the passengers came on aboard. It was like a nest, crowded with comfort. If I could have stolen that fur-lined cloak and that swinging chair I would have done it; as it was, I grumbled.

What had this woman done to have all and my patient wife to have nothing? I kept thinking of all this; brooding day and night as wages grew lower and work less, and Annie faded away. She was a good woman, that wife of mine, and not a bit afraid to die; but she was afraid to leave me in furious bitterness of my condition then.

One day I came home and found her paler than ever. I had brought her an orange, but she could not taste it. I sat down by the lounge and she put her thin, white hand in mine.

"Frank," she said in a whisper, "when I am dead try to be good; try to know God. I couldn't talk about it, dear; but I have prayed. God is good, Frank. I know it. I am going home."

I could not bear this. I did not believe in it. God good, and Annie dying, while that other woman was saved by the money I had as good a right to have as Jim Lawrence! I knew afterward that all the luxuries he lavished on his wife were as useless as the coarse shawl and common food I gave mine. She died before Annie, and away for him. I stooped down to kiss my wife and stopped her from such talk. Her lips were cold; her hot hands grew chill in mine; her great gray eyes looked at me with one bright look of love, and then closed. Annie had gone away.

Well, why should I work after that? I went to hear Communist harangues, and learned the stale old story that property was robbery. Why was Mr. Lawrence rich and I poor? It was an outrange! Society owed me a living, and I would have it as well as he. I did not stop to consider that he was once poorer than I, and have worked successfully for his money, or to ask where society owed me a living. I took the specious arguments of demagogues for what they were on the surface. They suited my fury against man and my ignorance of God too well not to be adopted.

It was May when the Iridion Works closed, but I had not worked there for two months. I had lived on what few dollars I had left after Annie was buried, and now and then I got a porter's job, for I was as strong as a horse. Still, I always expected to go back to the works if the worst came to the worst, and when they closed up for want of orders I felt as if I had nothing to stay in the city for, and like a great many others I made up my mind that since I was born into the world it should give me a free living. I went on the tramp.

I can't say I liked it at first; it was a great while before I could sleep well in a barn, or under an old musty hay stack, but I had grit enough left to persist, and the lazy life, the fresh air, the trees and grass, and creatures, also different from the grimy shops and dirty streets, did seem amazingly pleasant. I suppose this sort of life changed me inwardly, too. I got to feel more like a wild beast. I liked to see women shut and lock the door when they saw me come into the yard, and hand out the food I asked for through the window. How I used to scare them! I don't wonder. I was big, dirty, ragged, and full of bad thoughts that showed out in my face and ran over at my lips. I would not have stopped at knocking down any man who happened to come across my way, but they generally let me alone. After awhile I got a revolver. It was never loaded, but it was just as good to frighten women with, and many a one fetched me warm food and drink when I let them see it. I did like to see them turn white and shiver. I was so angry with everything that I liked to terrify and hurt everybody I could. "Hateful and hating one another," that is about as near my state then as I can tell it.

So I tramped all summer. I did not think often about Annie. I didn't like to, for good enough reasons. By September I had got 'way up into Vermont, among the hills, and began to think I must work back to the city, when one day I stopped at an old red farm house between Tyson and Ludlow, to get some dinner.

There was a little sort of stoop built out under the roof of the ell part, and the kitchen door opened into it. There was a row of bright milk pans standing against the wall, to sun, and a bunch or two of herbs hanging up by the door. A great yellow cat ran away when it saw me, and eyed me from under a bench in the woodshed. It was a poor place enough, but looked thrifty and comfortable. I knocked, and a young woman opened the door directly. I never saw such a steady face; her eyes were brown, and looked straight at you like a robin's; her mouth was pure and clean as a child's, and her firm cheeks showed a healthy, even color of pink. Her hair was so tidy, so shining, her calico gown and check apron so perfectly neat that she seemed somehow as if she was just new every way. I did not say anything at once, for I felt so dirty and so bad the minute I looked at her.

"Well?" she said, in a cool sort of voice, "do you want anybody?"

"I want something to eat," said I gruffly.

"We never give to tramps," she answered, without any change of tone.

"I've got to have it!" said I, as crossly as I could.

"We have nothing for you," said she, quite unmoved.

"Come, hurry up! I've got to have my dinner, and you'd better get it for me pretty quick," I called out with an oath, taking out my pistol and handling it as a threat.

Her eyes grew a little darker at that, and she smiled; she was not scared a mite; she only said, quietly:

"If any man shall not work neither shall he eat."

"That may be your opinion, miss, but it isn't mine. The world owes me a living, and I'm bound to have it," I growled back.

"How so?" she answered. "What have you done for the world to put it in your debt?"

I couldn't answer this question; it was like a blow in the face; so I swore again and demanded some dinner.

"I shall not give you any," she said quite as calmy as ever. "If you were sick, or feeble or crippled, helpless in any way, it would be different; but you are a strong, likely man, and you can earn your living just as well as I can."

I looked at her slight straight figure.

"Do you work for a living?" I asked.

"Yes; I have worked ever since I was six years old. I was bound out then, and I worked at whip-braiding. I haven't any relations—any near ones I mean; there is nobody to take care of me. I have to work, and I am glad I can."

I swore a very common oath, calling on God to punish me if I would stand that if I were she.

Her face flushed.

"Don't do that again," she said. "If you want to be lost call upon Satan; he hears such requests gladly. God is your Father; he does not like to punish you even if you asked him to; he'd ever so much rather forgive you."

I was never so taken back.

"Look here," I said, after a moment, "don't you think it's outrageous that a pretty-behaved girl like you should be working for a living when there's thousands of women no better than you be rolling in their ctrriages?"

"No. God put me here, and them there. God knows best."

"Well, you seem to think God knows a good deal. I claim to know something myself; and I believe foks all have equal rights."

"Do you?" she said; "so do I; some rights. Rights to get ready to die and to serve God while we live."

She stepped out of the door and picked up a red leaf from the grass.

"Can you make such a leaf as that?" she asked holding it out to me.

Why, I knew I couldn't; and so did she.

"Till you can, I expect you had better believe God knows more than you do."

I turned and went out into the yard. I couldn't stand her talk, but I could not get away from it.

I never seemed so mean to myself before. Here was I strong, healthy, even a skilled workman, tramping about the country begging; I never called it begging before, but I know now what it was, for I seemed to look out of her eyes.

About God; well, if there was a God he must know more than I did or he couldn't be God; perhaps I had made a mistake after all.

Jim Lawrence must be a rich man because he had more brains than I, with the same chances; and who was to blame about the brains?

I sat down by the little pond there was near by and fell to thinking, when all of a sudden I looked down in the water and saw—a tramp, a big, dirty tramp.

Good Lord, it was me!

I wonder that the girl had spoken to me at all, and then I thought what Annie would have said to me like that.

The blood seemed to come to my head. I tried to be honest inside, and looked things square in the eye. I could not help seeing how little good I had done myself by leaving work. I used to be a good looking sort of a fellow when I was cleaned up of a Sunday, not like this great brute staring up at me out or the still water.

I couldn't do much that minute, but I could wash my face, and I did.

It was just a beginning, you see; then I got up on my feet and tramped off toward Ludlow. An old woman a mile further on gave me some bread and milk, because I asked civilly, I suppose, and by night I had got on to the station next below Ludlow, and seeing some hands at work loading up freight cars I put in and helped. One of them gave me my supper for that, and let me sleep in a barn; it did seem better than begging.

The next day I sold my revolver and got a jacket, and before long got a place on the freight line to the city where I could work my passage back to the city; I could get a lodging there I knew, for I had two dollars left after buying the jacket.

I found the Iridion Works shut up still, but I hunted out Mr. Lawrence. I told him all about it—but that girl—and he gave my hand such a grasp.

"My wife's gone too," he said; and then he sort of choked. Somehow for all he was a rich man with a great house and I poor devil of a tramp, there seemed to be something we had together.

I remembered his wife's great sad eyes, ond her tired face; money hadn't saved her after all, and his business kept him from home; he didn't have hold of her hand when she died.

Well, he sort of cleared his troat then, and he said:

"I'm just going to dinner, Reed; come around to my office, on Front Street, in the morning, and I'll find you a job."

And he said it is so hearty-like I knew he meant it.

He was as good as his word. I got word from him right off, and after awhile, when I could buy decent clothes. I took to going to meeting; for I could not get what that girl said, when I swore out my head.

I have got a bible, too. I know Annie would like that; but I had to shut it up quick one day when it opened at a sentence about "the horrid pit and the miry clay." I had been there myself, you see.

Sometime when I had laid up a litle money—and I guess it won't be long first, for when all is said and done I never was one to drink nor yet to gamble—I mean to go up to Vermont and find that girl, and maybe I can have a home. I hope she won't know me again. I hate to hide anything from her clean, clear eyes, but I don't see how I ever can tell her that I was that tramp.

THE LOST LINCH-PIN.

"It's no use, Susy, we can't find it. I'll just have to take the whipping."

There was a dejected thrill in the sad child-voice, telling alike of physical dread and utter hopelessness of spirit.

"Wait a minute, Robbie," answered a cheerier tone. "Wait until I look under the hay-bed. A linch-pin's little, you know, and it might roll. I can't bear to give it up yet." And as the girl spoke, she swung her lantern under the huge vehicle, and stooping, began to search carefully among the loose chaff and wisps of hay scattered over the floor.

The scene was the threashing-floor of a large barn, with great mows frowning darkly above on either hand, and vast granaries stretching away in the rear, and the speakers were a poor little orphan boy, who had lost a linch-pin, and the sympathetic kitchen girl of the farm. As the latter rose from her fruitless search the bright glow of the lantern fell full upon her, revealing a face—not pretty, certainly, if viewed from a cultivated, artistic stand-point, but fresh and girlish, and just now glorified by a soft halo of womanly pity.

"O, Robbie! I'm so sorry," she said, rising, "can't you think where you had it last?"

"No, Sue, I can't. I've tried and tried. I reckon old Beeson will nearly kill me—he did last time." Then with a shudder, throwing his childish arms around her waist, "O, Sue, he's awful!"

"Poor baby!" cried the girl clasping him closer, while her soft, grey eyes filled with tears. "I wish I could save you. How did you ever come to be left with him, anyhow?"

"Why, you see," was the reply, "when mother died there was only me and Chis., and Chis. ain't like me. He's strong, and smart, and afraid of nobody. So he thought he would go away and make a fortune for us both. His name is Christopher—like Christopher Columbus, you know—and he meant to do something great, too. Not in a ship though, but in the big city. He had read of poor boys making money there, and as the homestead was gone he was bound to try it. And then old Beeson offered to keep me while he was away. But Chris. never meant for me to be abused. I heard him say that I was to go to school, and be well treated, and that he would pay for my board when he came back. But I reckon he'll never come now." And the poor child's tears fell fast at the thought.

"Oh, maybe he will!" answered the girl, soothingly. "We'll hope so, anyway."

"Well, maybe," he assented drearily. "But, O Sue, if I were only of age, like you, wouldn't I go to seek him!" Then, as with a sudden thought, "Sue, what makes you stay? You were of age six months ago."

"I know," she said, and paused as if the question was an unsettled one with herself; then, with the light still upon her brow, "partly for your sake, maybe, Robbie, and partly because I havn't any where to go. I don't mind working, and I must do that in any place. Besides it is better for me; I'm in the house with Missis, and, Robbie, she isn't like him. Many a piece of bread and meat she gives to the hungry beggars, and many a poor tramp she allows to sleep in the barn when he ain't round."

The last clause was unfortunate, for the boy clinging yet closer, cast a shuddering glance upward towards the great mows where the shadows were scarcely disturbed by the feeble glow of light.

"Oh, Sue!" he cried wildly, "What if he should make me stay all night in the barn? He threatened to many a time. Anyway he is going to hotsewhip me. O Sue, Sue, what can we do?"

"We might pray," said Sue, timidly.

"Pshaw! *He* prays!"

There was a whole volume of incipient skeptism in these three bitter words.

"I know," said Faith, sorely puzzled, yet clinging to her anchor. "I know, but it don't sound like the prayers I heard at the 'sylum. There they spoke to some one close at hand, so gentle, so loving, and yet so mighty. Oh, Robbie, now I just remember the words, so 'strong to deliver.' Who knows but he might save you. There was the man in the den of lions, and the three children in the fiery furnace."

"It's no use, Sue," he interrupted sadly. "There's no deliverer for me but Chris., and he'll never come now. Go to the house and tell the old man that I can't find it. It's as well to get it over."

"Poor lamb!" said the tender hearted girl, kissing the quivering lips which were trying so hard to be brave. "I'll leave the light, and I'll beg hard for you." And repressing a sigh over the hopelessness of her task, she glided into the starlight, leaving the poor little victim to await a cruelty, which considering the centuries of Christian progress that had elasped since the slaughter of the innocents, not only outdoes Herod, but is one of the darkest blots upon our social life.

Left alone in the great barn the sensitive child endured the twofold agony of nervous terror and anticipated suffering. But he had not long to wait. Soon the heavy boots of old Beeson were heard tramping across the cow-yard, and into the barn. Robbie stole one furtive glance as he entered, saw the hard-set face; saw the long, black whip, trailing from his hand, and the last vestige of hope was gone.

"Now you young rascal, I'll pay you for your carelessness," cried the bitter master, as he caught sight of the little cowering form; and seizing the trembling boy by the arm, he raised the whip, like a great stiffening serpent high in the air.

But why did it not descend? The boy, who had closed his eyes and set his teeth hard, wondered at the delay. From somewhere above came a rushing sound, and the cruel arm was grasped and held with a grip of iron. What could it mean? Had God sent one of his mighty angels down to rescue the little waif, too helpless to implore his protection? It well might be so, for Our Father is not indifferent to the troubles of his suffering children; but the eyes of this glorious deliverer were gleaming with too much indignant fury and human passion to be those of a heavenly visitant.

"Chris!" The one glad cry burst from Robbie's lips, and then, unnoticed by either, he sank sobbing among the hay and straw littering the floor.

"Coward! hypocrite! traitor!" These were the words which burst impetuously from the young man's lips, and with each epithet a stunning blow was planted in the breast of the farmer. "Is it thus you treat the little brother I entrusted to your care? Were it not that since I have been away from your vicinity, I have learned to be something of which you do not even know the meaning—a gentleman—I would take the horsewhip and flay you within an inch of your life. Well, indeed, was it that it occurred to me to test your faithfulness in treating him kindly before I gave of my hard earnings for the boy's board. Here in my pocket are four hundred dollars designed for you—payment for every week he has been here—but not one copper of it will you ever see now. On the contrary, I shall use it in prosecuting you to the utmost limit of the law."

And he kept his word. This youth, whose energy and pluck had won the victory in a hand-to-hand struggle with the world, was not likely to be troubled with morbid pity for his adversary; and with Sue's fair, honest face in the witness-box, not only was the full measure of justice obtained, but the hard, grasping farmer was disgraced forever in the eyes of his friend and neighbors.

Aside from the triumph concerning his little brother, the trial resulted most happily for Chris., himself. While seeking to redress an injustice and wrong like his illustrious namesake, he discovered another fair realm—even the sweet, old Eldorado of love. And now, when the Western sun sinks amid the flowery prairies of Missouri, his last beams gild a cottage porch, where often sit a slender student youth and bronzed-faced pioneer—the rescuer and the rescued; while above them beams the soft womanly face of happy Sue—wife and sister—loved and honored beyond all the world.

In ancient Mexico it was the custom to sacrifice human beings to the gods. This was a case where several wrongs made a rite.

The other night, in a Missouri town, a thief, being caught in a man's cellar, explained that he was there to get out of the way of a cyclone.

The Secret of Success.

A man's success in life depends on his keeping a little ahead in his money affairs. If you once fall behind, it may be very difficult to make up the headway which is lost. One who begins with putting aside some part of his earnings, however small, and keeps it up for a number of years, is likely to become rich before he dies. One who inherits properity, and goes on year by year spending a little more than his income, will become poor if he lives long enough. Living beyond their means has brought a multitude of persons to ruin in our generation. It is the cause of nine-tenths of all the defalcations which have disgraced the age. Bankers and business men in general do not often help themselves to other peoples money until their own funds begin to fall off, and their expenditures exceed their receipts. A man who is in debt walks in the midst of perils.

Merchants who in their prosperity, would have scorned the thought of any thing approaching to fraud have, when they found themselves sinking, resorted to base devices which would seem to be utterly foreign to their nature. A drowning man will catch at the throat of his best friend to save himself. Debt in itself is dreadfully demoralizing. It may sometimes be inevitable; but even when there is no dishonesty connected with it the moral fibre is liable to be injured by its influence. It cannot but impair one's self-respect when he feels that he is living upon money which belongs to others. How much better, whenever it is possible, to keep a little ahead, even though we deny ourselves all the luxuries and some of the comforts of existence.

It is also very desirable that we should keep somewhat ahead in our work. This may not be possible in all cases; as for instance, when a man's work is assigned to certain fixed hours, like that of the operatives in a mill. But there are certain classes of people who can choose their time for the work which they are called to do, and amongst them there are some who invariably put off the task assigned them as long as possible, and then come to its performance hurried, perplexed, anxious, confused—such a state of mind as certainly unfits them for doing their best work.

One secret of success in life consists in keeping ahead of othe people in our plans. Society is divided into two classes—leaders and followers—those who "go ahead" and those who merely "fall into line." How are great fortunes made? Partly, as already said, by saving and also by striking out in advance of others. A thing once done, it may be easy to copy and to multiply it; but it is the pioneer who went ahead and first broke the ground that deserves the praise. It is to the men who open new paths, and disclose to us regions that were unknown before, that the world is most indebted.

It is the advanced idea of a few men in one generation which decides the destiny of the generations that follow. Society is always in need of men who command respect and reverence because of their elevated character. We look up to certain persons; we look down up on others; up nor down—because if the monotonous level on which the multitude stand. If it were not for the example of a few eminent men, we should have a low standard of character. In every village of a thousand or more inhabitants there are usually some four or five men and women whose influence would be sorely missed if they should be taken away. They keep ahead of other people—in enterprise as well as in character. A handful of such persons may elevate the whole tone of the community. Alas for the town where all people are on a level! It is sure to be a pretty low level.

Let every young man who has a soul in him determine not only to get ahead, but to keep ahead till he drops out of his place to make way for some one else. In our day those who are coming on to the stage of action find it particularly hard to get a start—the roads are blocked, there is a crowd a applicants for every respectable station or opening, and it is only the active and vigilant who stand much chance of getting ahead. But remember for your comfort that those who have succeeded have best are often such as had to strive hardest in the beginning.

With special advantage have the great majority of succesful man had when they started in their career? Only such as they found within themselves—a clear head, an earnest purpore, and a strong will. They made their fortunes—fortunes did not make them.

Fight your own battle in life. Ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseech patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one can be so heartily interested in your welfare.

President Seelye, of Amherst College, is not frightened by the spectres which some Christians conjure out of the speculations of modern scientists. He says in a recent letter to a former pupil: "Remember that evolution is impossible, and to derive reason from unreason is absurd." This is another way of putting the old proverb; "You cannot get more out of a bottle than was put into it."

He watches for Christ who is awake, alive, quick-sighted, zealous in seeking and honoring Him; who would not be surprised, would not be overwhelmed, if he found that He was coming at once.—[Dr. Newman.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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One of the most philosophical poems in the English language is the "Essay on Man," by Alexander Pope. In it short simple sentences express whole pages of meaning. One in particular, one to which we desire now to draw attention, and one which, although it may be familiar to most of our readers will bear repeating here, especially as we intend to dilate upon it for their benefit. The sentence to which we refer is—

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

This is a truism applicable to the people of all conditions in all ages and of all climes. It does not matter so much what a person does, as the spirit and manner in which he does it. Most of our readers, and unfortunately, perhaps, most of our class, move and act in the humbler spheres of life. They are required from necessity to perform tasks which involve little of responsibility and much of labor. They are very often sneered at by the brainless popinjays to whom fortune has been more kind. They are often looked down upon by those who are in heart, and often in mind, their inferiors. We know of one case in which a deaf-mute, who had been idle for many months, refused employment, simply because he feared being ridiculed should he condescend (?) to accept a position which he thought to be beneath him. Vanity seems to be the ruling power in this world, but that kind of vanity, totally bereft of all reason, which will ridicule or look with disdain upon a man because his occupation is humble, must come from a mind both shallow and insincere. Honest labor of whatever kind should always be encouraged, for it is the great bulwark upon which the prosperity of a nation rests. Those who work in a humble capacity can always feel independent and satisfied, provided they perform the duties which their work involves in a true and honest spirit and with all the power which they can command. By so doing, they will gain the respect and goodwill of all whose respect and goodwill is worth having. Not only this, but they will have that feeling of happiness and contentment which is experienced only by those who earn their bread by their own exertions. Let our readers to whom this may have any concern, go to their respective tasks, no matter how humble, with light hearts, totally oblivious to taunts of the idle and vain, conscious that those who really are *men* and *women* will respect and honor them if they work so that their conscience shall tell them they are doing their duties in the best way they can. Let them perform their daily tasks regardless of everything but their own interests—which, in this case, must be the interests of the whole people—and caring not for the opinions of the nicely fastidious who loiter about all day long doing nothing but casting contemptuous eyes upon poor but honest endeavor, and the honor, the respect, the goodwill and approbation, of all good people will be theirs.

Plato, or some other man, has said that one of the greatest crimes which mankind can be guilty of, is that of borrowing an umbrella, but such an outrage dwindles into insignificance when compared to that of borrowing a newspaper. Yet there are people cold-blooded enough to do an act of this kind, though we hope the number is few.

Our subscription list for the JOURNAL, which now numbers over 1000 names, composed of deaf-mutes residing in every State in the Union and in Canada, would, we are assured, number over 2000 did every mute who reads it pay for his paper.

It is to the advantage of those who subscribe to see that others do likewise, and those deadheads who are in the habit of borrowing the JOURNAL, should be repulsed or reasoned with and shown the debilitating effect which their borrowing propensities will be likely to exert on the paper itself. Our subscription list is on the increase, yet, if this obstacle were removed, there would be a rush that would carry the number of our subscribers far, far beyond the second thousand.

You who subscribe for the JOURNAL, you who are our friend and brother, you who are interested in the welfare of our mute brothers and sisters, lend us your aid in this matter, and help yourself and all the rest who want a newsy, lively and interesting paper, by telling all who want you to lend them your JOURNAL, that the handiest and best way would be for them to subscribe for it themselves.

NOTICES.

Sunday Services for the deaf-mutes in Worcester, Mass., will be held on the following dates:—June, 27th, July, 25th, *August, 1st, August, 22d, *August, 29th, September, 26th, *October, 3d, October 24th, *October 31st, November 28th, *December 5th, December 26th.

☞ Services will be held on the dates marked with a star only when the preceding Sunday has been rainy.

Providence permitting, the Rev. A. W. Mann will hold services at the usual hours, at St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday, August 8th, and at St. Stephen's, Philadelphia, on Sunday, the 15th.

Rev. John Chamberlain and Rev. A. W. Mann, will conduct a service for deaf-mutes at St. Paul's Church, 4th street, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday evening, August 25th. Holy Communion next morning at 7 o'clock.

The monthly services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, St. Andrews' Church, Harlem, and Christ Church, Williamsburg, will be suspended during August and September.

Services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, 18th Street, near 5th Avenue, New York City, every Sunday in August, at 3:30 P.M. On September 5th, and afterwards, at 2:45 P.M.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Several New York mutes expect to attend the Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association.

Mrs. M. H. Rocap, of Philadelphia, will spend the summer with her niece, A. McNeal, at Atlantic City.

Miss Lizzie O. Flanary, of Ford's Ferry, has not been married, as is reported by some Kentucky mutes.

Mr. Gust Geyer, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, has a harness shop in Galesburg, Ill., and is doing well.

Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Institution, sailed for Europe on the 3d.

Mr. David Morris is now engaged in digging "black diamonds," near Girard, O. He earns from $2.50 to $6.00 per day.

Misses Laura and Hannah Smith, and Kate Barrister, of Cincinnati, are spending the summer with Miss Bertie Peter, in Mackville, Ky.

A party was given at the residence of Mr. Koffman, in Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y., on Tuesday, July 27th, in honor of Mr. Samuel Koffman's birthday.

Mrs. Hyatt, a sister of Mr. N. B. Fletcher, and Miss Graves, his cousin, arrived at Heron Lake from the East, on the 24th inst. They are having a good time.

Mr. W. D. Palmer, of Galesburg, Ill., has started a shop of his own. He left Macomb, Ill., about two months since, and has been doing very well in his new home.

Mr. Jeff. D. Busby writes that he was much interested in reading Mr. Charles Kerney's letter to the JOURNAL. Mr. Busby was a schoolmate of Mr. Kerney's at Danville, Ky.

Fred Walker, of Norwich City, Conn., and A. H. Wells, of Massachusetts, are in New York on a pleasure trip. They visited the JOURNAL office on Friday last, and afterwards went to Coney Island.

Mr. Ira Crandon, of Girard, O., recently paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, of Youngstown, O. Mr. Crandon works for John Barnhisel, with whom Eddie Holycross also is employed.

In the JOURNAL of July 22d, there is an editorial article concerning "Lying." An interesting thing to read.—"Spectator" of Portland.

We think it is an awfully good one.—"A regular reader."

Eddie Holycross was in Forestville lately, and called on some of his friends there. He saw Mr. Kleinhans, who graduated from the Ohio Institution last year. Mr. K. will probably go to Cleveland in a few weeks.

Henry Stengele and Michael McFaul, of the New York Institution, are at Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. The base ball club of which they are temporary members, in a game with the Coxsackie nine on Monday, were defeated by a score of 14 to 5.

Mr. W. L. Eastman, who left the Rochester Institution last summer on account of an accident which happened to his father, has supported the family during his father's illness. He is earning good wages, last week having made $21. He does not expect to go to school any more.

W. D. Frey has returned to his old position as a cracker packer.

"Archimedes" treed a deaf and dumb imposter a few days since.

The Catholic services in Sixteenth Street, New York, are well attended every Sunday.

Mr. R. B. Lloyd and family took a trip to Glen Island, on Long Island Sound, last week.

Alex Dexendorf with his ex-trainer, W. Frey, visited the New York Institution last week.

The American Athletic Club, of New York, has accepted Alex Dezendorf's resignation.

A social society of deaf-mutes is a new project which is being pushed forward among Brooklyn mutes.

Dr. Gallaudet expects to start for Europe on the 14 inst., accompanied by his wife and Miss Howard.

John P. Harrison, of Baltimore, is confined in St. Francis' Hospital, at Trenton, N. J. He is expected to be well soon.

William Terbush, formerly of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is at present employed in a Brooklyn cracker bakery.

Wm. S. Crittenden, assistant steward of the New York Institution, has returned from his vacation.

A Brooklyn mute pedestrian would like to know the addresses of Messrs. Gerry and Frisbee, both of Boston.

Alfred Emmons, who graduated from the New York Institution last June, has obtained employment in a Brooklyn Bakery.

Mr. W. F. Howell would like to hear from his brother, W. L. Howell, who is somewhere in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

Mr. Hazen, night-watchman, of the New York Institution, contemplates spending his vacation at his home in Port Jervis.

Mr. James Wells, teacher in the Baltimore Institution for Colored Mutes, formerly of New York, will not take any vacation this summer.

Prof. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution, was introduced to the congregation, by Dr. Gallaudet, at St Ann's Church, August 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Genet are settled in their new home in Thomaston, Conn., and seem very well content. They say they are not homesick at all.

In spite of the heat, there were over 50 mutes in attendance at the sermon preached by Dr. Gallaudet, St. Ann's Church, New York City, Sunday, August 1st.

Miss Mary A. Kenny, who has been a pupil in the Fordham (Catholic) School for the past year, will probably go to school at the New York Institution, in the Fall.

Miss Lockwood begs to inform Miss Sarah L. Harper, of New Jersey, that she will write to her from Harlem, where she expects to visit for a little while, next Fall.

Mr. James P. Donohue, of New York City, who is learning the art of engraving, is spending a two weeks' vacation in Trenton, N. J. His friends wish him a jolly time.

Calvin W. Winne, of Kingston, Ulster Co., is afflicted with some sort of malaria fever, and is traveling around the country in order to effect a change if possible.

Gilbert O. Fay, Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has resigned, and accepted a similar position in the institution at Connecticut.—*New York Times.*

Mr. J. L. Clemens, late night watchman of the New York Institution, is working in Newark, N. J., as a hostler. Recently he came to New York City with two horses on a trading expedition.

Francis Crorken, formerly a pupil of the New York Institution, but now working on a farm in Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y., paid the JOURNAL office a visit on Monday. Mr. Crorken is in very poor health.

It is now claimed that the first time the expression "Eureka" was used, was when "Archimedes" sat on a tack which he had been looking for nearly twenty minutes.—*Evening Telegram.* Is that so Archie?

Miss Lizzie Lockwood, of Stamford, Conn., is going to visit her friends in Bridgeport, Conn., and New York City. She expects to call on her old friend, Mrs. F. Roberts, of Harlem, Miss Lockwood expects to attend the New England Gallaudet Association Convention next Fall.

Don't be jealous "Mignon." "Geraldine" had a very nice call last week from "Lester Montrose" and "Archimedes." Before taking their departure, they honored her with their autograph. They are both "sweet enough to kill," with just down enough on the upper lip to be seen through a powerful microscope.

THE MILAN CONFERENCE OF TEACHERS OF DEAF-MUTES:—Professor Isaac Lewis Peet and the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, who, with the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, are to represent the New York Institution for the Education of Deaf-Mutes at the international conference of principals and directors of similar institutions to be held at Milan in September; will sail to-morrow in the steamer Arizona. Among the other American delegates will be Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, and Principal Gilbert O. Fay, of the Ohio Institution. Representatives from all the principal institutions in Europe will attend the conference, which will discuss methods of instruction and treatment.—*N. Y. World.*

Mr. H. D. Carroll and Charles Thompson, both of the Faribault, Minn. Institution, have been stopping in New York City for the past week. Last Saturday, accompanied by J. F. Donnelly they visited Dr. Tanner, the forty days faster, and other places of interest in the City, and in the afternoon, paid the JOURNAL office a visit, and on Sunday visited St. Ann's Church, and the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. On Monday, they went to Coney Island, accompanied by Prof. Clark, of the New York Institution, and on Tuesday visited Central Park. They left for Saratoga on Wednesday, August 4th, and intend to go from thence to Niagara Falls, and other prominent points in the State.

A subscriber, now taking a Rip Van Winkle nap at St. Louis, for three months, to rejoin his jolly college fellows at Washington, at the opening of the fall term, desires to say in reply to "Hieronymus," who calls upon "Johnny Hoe-Handle" to resurrect in the JOURNAL, using his own quotation from Addison's "Tragedy of Cato:"

"Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

put down in an autograph on the back of his photograph, which is in possession of the Philadelphia correspondent: "Silence is golden. In keeping silence I am acting well my part. Don't you see the point?"

CINCINNATI, July 21, 1880.

MR. JOSEPH H. VANCE, PRESIDENT OF THE ANDERSON LITERARY SOCIETY, 124 WEST SECOND ST., NEWPORT, KY.:

DEAR SIR: Your note of 19th inst. as to Fred Mettenberger, is received. After careful enquiry, I can learn nothing concerning his alleged arrest, or present whereabouts.

E. T. CARSON,
Supt. of Police.

There was a surprise party given to Miss Maria Hess, of Lancaster, Pa.; a week ago. Mrs. Fortescue, of Philadelphia, who is boarding during the summer with Miss Spotts, who keeps house for her brother in the Valley of Churchtown, together with Mr. Hoops, of Philadelphia, Mr. Musser, and A. W., met at New Holland, twelve miles from the Spotts residence, and then started for Miss Hess' home, whom they found in company with her sister and Miss Gray. They had a nice moonlight ride. Next morning, they visited John Dengler. In the evening they departed for home, with the exception of Mrs. Fortescue and Miss Spotts, who took the train from New Holland. Miss Spotts is expecting a visit from Mrs. Cullingworth. Miss Spotts was married to George Peters, who, after living with her for two weeks in Philadelphia, started out to find work, and has not since been heard from.

Why, "Mignon," did you address that poetry to "Geraldine," because you think she is anxious for a husband, too? Well, "G." will challenge you a race for a husband. There are only five months of leap year left, and our watchwords shall be:

We, who battle for the right,
Mid the darkness of the night,
Looking for a husband;
Speak out!
Fear we nothing but the loss.

We, at the helm of State,
We seek for the double gate,
Through which pass the married, don't wait
Speak out!
Fear we nothing but the loss.

We must up! strike, for the hour
Brings the man, when the proposal
Should be ready on our lips.
Speak out!
Fear we nothing but the loss.

'Mignon,' linger not behind,
With old bach's of College kind,
But let us up and new ones find,
So speak out!
Fear we nothing but the loss

Girls of every creed and clime,
Hear you not the tones sublime,
Saying at some future time:
'M.' and 'G.' have husbands fine.

The National Deaf-Mute College.

(From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

Two miles northeast of the United States Capitol there rises a beautiful eminence, which affords a commanding view of Washington City and the country for miles around. On this elevation is situated a group of buildings which constitute the National Deaf-Mute College, said to be the only deaf-mute college in the world. The site is what is known as Kendall Green, and the Institution is supported by Congress, which, with liberal views and commendable philanthropy, has built the college for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among the silent students. The inception of this enterprise is due to the generosity of Hon. Amos Kendall, and to the influence of Edward M. Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL.D., the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first institution for the deaf and dumb in America, at Hartford, Conn. Though the institution has generally grown with the natural increase in the number of students demanding admittance, and with an eye to future enlargements, and as yet seems rather small, yet it is considered to possess one of the finest college buildings in the country. Its architecture is varied, the main hall and chapel being of red sandstone, with white stones trimmings, and the others of brick with white Ohio sandstone ornamentations, and it is thus a fine addition to the public buildings of Washington.

In 1857 the Columbia Institution for the deaf-mute children of the district of Columbia and of the army and navy was incorporated at Washington, D. C., and Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, was called to take charge. This institution was erected on a prominent site containing 100 acres, thirty acres of which are richly covered with grass and young maple-trees, while the remainder is wild forest land, and adjoins the National Fair Ground. The lands were, by Congress, purchased from Amos Kendall, who had already donated a portion of land, with a number of small frame cottages, to the Columbia Institution. In April, 1864. Dr. Gallaudet, with the directors, determined to organize a collegiate department, and Congress agreed to an amendatory act authorizing the Institute to confer collegiate degrees. Soon afterwards the range of study was extended so as to embrace a college course, and the institution was therefore divided into two departments, the advanced department receiving the name of the National Deaf-Mute College.

The objects of the directors in establishing this college was in part to prove, what had been doubted by some, that deaf-mutes could, inspite of their disability through the loss of hearing and speech, engage successfully in the advanced studies pursued in colleges for persons not so disabled. The more important end in view, however, was to afford to a class of persons in the community, already numerous and increasing steadily with the population, an opportunity to secure the advantages of a rigid and thorough course of intellectual training in the higher walks of literature and the liberal arts. The experience of nearly sixteen years in the process of the college has fully satisfied those familiar with its workings that their confidence as to the ability of deaf-mutes to master the arts and sciences was well-founded, while at same time the expressions of interest which the enterprise has called forth from instructors of youth, from deaf-mutes and their friends, and from the public journals in Europe, as well as Amirica, may be taken as evidence that the world approves the undertaking.

Beginning with five students and one professor, and occupying a small frame house, the college has progressed so remarkably that it has received 208 students, representing thirty-one different States and the District of Columbia. Of this number, New England claims thirty-seven; the Middle States, thirty-seven; the South, forty-seven, and the West, eighty-seven. The college has at present sixty students and seven professors, who are E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, D. C.; Samuel Porter, brother of the President of Yale College; E. A. Fay, of New York; Rev. J. W. Chickering, Jr., of New Hampshire; J. C. Gordon, of Indiana; J. B. Hotchkiss, of Connecticut, and A. G. Draper, of Illinois. The professors are men of high culture and real Christian character. The students are given a course of instruction which is the equivalent of that afforded in the best American colleges, with the exception of Greek, more attention being given to the French and German languages.

Since the establishment of the college, forty-two graduates with degrees have gone forth from its walls. Of this number the New England States claim thirteen; Ohio, eight; Pennsylvania, three; New York, three; Wisconsin, three; Indiana, two; Illinois, two; Michigan, two; Iowa, two; Kentucky, England, the District of Columbia, and Georgia one each. Thirty-two students, who have been at this college, have engaged in teaching in every part of the world; two have become editors and publishers of newspapers; three have taken positions connected with journalism; three have entered the civil service of the Government; one, by sheer force of his talent, literally pushed his way into the high position of Chief Examiner of Patents in the United States Patent Office, but has recently resigned to enter upon the practice of law in patent cases in Cincinnati; one, while filling a position as instructor in a Western Institution, has rendered important service to the Coast Survey as a miroscopist; one has become an accomplished draughtsman in the office of a New York architect; one has filled the position of recorder's clerk in Chicago; two have taken places in the faculty of their *Alma Mater*, and become instructors where they were students. Some have gone into mercantile and other offices; some have undertaken business on their own accounts; while not a few have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits, in which the advantage of thorough mental training will give them a superiority. Of these alluded to as having engaged in teaching, one is the principal of a flourishing institution in Pennsylvania, another has charge of a day school in Cincinnati, and a third has charge of a day school in St. Louis.

The college library consists of about 2,000 volumes, to which a small collection is annually added; the Literary Society has a library of 300 well-selected books for its members, and collected at its own expense; and the Congressional Library is accessible to students for any special line of research. The college has a handsome museum, with mineral and zoological collections, and, besides, the extensive collections of the Smithsonian Institute, the Agricultural Department and the Army Medicinal Museum are easily reached. The Corcoran Gallery of the Fine Arts, and others in Washington, present great and inestimable opportunities to the students who are anxious to make the fine arts a special study. The Students' Literary Society holds semi-monthly meetings for the delivery of essays, debates, declarations and dialogues. A Reading Club supplies a selection from the publications of the day. The students' rooms have a unique arrangement for knockers—the mutes' door bell. A six pound weight is attached to a bell-pull, and when it is raised by the pull, it drops on the floor, causing a jar that attracts the attention of the deafest of the deaf.

The officers of the college are as follows: Rutherford B. Hayes, Patron; Edward M. Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D., President; Hon. William Stickney, Secretary; George W. Riggs, Esq., Treasurer; and the Directors are Hons. T. F. Bayard, J. T. Harris, William Claflin, H. S. Dawes, W. E. Niblack, H. D. Cooke, Rev. B. Sunderland and J. C. McGuire, Esq.

American and foreign travelers are always deeply interested in this noble college. When Don Pedro II., the Emperor of Brazil, visited our country in 1876, he paid a visit to the college and planted in its yard a beautiful ivy from his country with his own hands. Christian IX., King of Denmark, recently, in a letter, requested Dr. Gallaudet to send him the cost, schemes and specifications of the college with a view to the establishment of a similar college in his kingdom.

Death of Rev. John C. Bull.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

I have to announce the painful intelligence of the death of Rev. John C. Bull, teacher of the American Asylum for Deaf-Mutes at Hartford, Conn. He was a graduate of Yale College, in the class of '49. Among his classmates were Prof. Timothy Dwight and Rev. Wm. Clarke, of New Haven. Mr. Bull also graduated from Yale Theological Seminary. He was then engaged as a teacher in New Britain, Ct. In 1852 he was chosen teacher of the deaf-mutes in the American Asylum.

He was fond of flowers, and at times he would take rambles in the woods and gather wild flowers. There are often poisonous vines or wood contact with which in some cases, is attendant with serious consequences.

During the latter part of May, Mr. Bull went out into the woods somewhere about Litchfield. He was absent from school a day or two, and when he came back he was welcomed by the teachers and his own class. He always wore a genial countenance, and being humble and modest, he was beloved by all with whom he came in contact.

The narrator asked Mr. Bull how he felt, when he was told that he felt some itching on his hands and face. School was closed that day for the week. Sabbath dawned with all the splendor of a spring day, and the deceased delivered his last lecture. He had a great taste for hymns of select variety, and easily depicted the fine points in an oration or an essay. I must refrain from delineating his character as a man. His whole life was full of christian sweetness.

From that day Mr. Bull never appeared among his friends in the Institution or in the street. He was confined to his room for seven weeks; the disease with which he was poisoned was working its way through the whole system. But Mr. Bull was patient in all his sufferings, and his paramount hope, if he must go, was heaven. He departed his life on the twelfth of July, about noon.

The cause of his death was poison, but from what source is not positively known. It may be surmised that the disease had been working in him for several years.

His funeral took place in his rooms in the Charter Oak Life Insurance buildings, and there was a beautiful floral offering showered upon the deceased. The casket with the floral arrangement appeared at a distance like a bed with a pillow raised enough to say "Asleep in Jesus."

On the Wing.

THE SCENES AND PLEASURES OF A TRIP ON THE LAKE.

To those who may have an interest in reading of excursions to the lakes and the numerous resorts of Michigan, I will avail myself of the opportunity to give the readers of the JOURNAL an account of a trip to the Wolverine State. On the 2d of July, I boarded the "Iron Horse," and was soon whirling away over fields and meadows, towards Fort Wayne, Indiana, which place I reached same evening, after three hours tedious ride.

Here a friend of the masculine persuasion, was waiting to offer his services during the remainder of the trip, which, of course, was very kindly accepted,—and the *time* did not die like *swans*, to use "Mignon's" words—but rather too soon in this case, as was ascertained upon our arrival after a few hours ride at Toledo, Ohio. Here we were reminded to "git up," and "git out." To say we did would be putting it rather mild—we simply grabbed traps, baggage and parcels, and found ourselves on *terra firma* in double quick time. By the aid of guides and lanterns, we were conducted through a labyrinth of standing trains to the Canada Southern. Getting fairly settled in our seats, traps and baggage in *apple pie* order, we were once more going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It being at the dead of night, the scenery along this route could not be gazed upon by the writer, much to our regret, but from the open window, we could feel the delightul breezes with "healing in their wings" and we knew we were not frr from the waters of Lake Erie. To-morrow morning, after a ride of sixty miles, finds us at Detroit, our point of destination. This city is beautifully located on the Detroit river, about eighteen miles from Lake Erie, and seven from Lake St. Clair. Too much cannot be said in its praise. It is just as a local poet has put it—

"A neat and charming City
That's by a balmy river
Where sportive gulls are soaring
And sparkling waters quiver
Where pure and cooling zephyrs
Both health and comfort bring
And for a week's sojourn
You'll find it just the thing."

Here one need not feel at a loss for a sufficient amount of amusements—excursions to the Isles, and pleasure resorts, rule the day. If one desires to study the country, and enjoy the beauty of its scenery along the river, there are excursion boats exactly suited for the purpose. The City of Detroit is laid out with a circle, divided into two parks, which are called the "Grand Circus Parks." From these two parks the principal avenues of the city radiate. These avenues are very wide, and are abundantly shaded by trees, adding to the beauty of the residences, all of which are fine specimens of architecture. The City Hall is a handsome structure built in the Italian style, from whose towers a delightful view of the city can be obtained. Here the eye can reach far away to the waters of Lake St. Clair, the Canadian shore, and the several Isles,—Belle Isle is a favorite resort for picnics. The writer spent a day at this romantic spot, enjoying the delicious and bracing atmosphere. Though small, it is really beautiful, abounding in shady drives, promenades and attractive vistas. Grosse Isle is another resort, being larger, and containing several fine residences. Here the graduates and pupils of the Michigan Institute held their first picnic, which no doubt has been written about ere this, but I will repeat that it was a success in all respects. The cry, "Let joy be unconfined," seemed to be the order of the day, judging from the merriment of the crowd. Never did a more jolly set gather together, than they did on this occasion, as was ascertained on our return to Detroit. We were seated on deck, enjoying the exhilarating breeze, all unconscious of the threatening storm, muttering thunder and gathering clouds. Suddenly without warning, the heavens fairly opened, letting the rain down in torrents. The adage—"It never rains, but it pours" seemed very near the truth at this critical moment. Here, in an open steamer, with no shelter save a very narrow strip of awning, which insisted in getting the better of us, by flapping to the right and left, letting the water down in vast streams, the fun for the moment was intense, and what a scramble for that *one umbrella*. On this occasion, laughing seemed inevitable, and a perfect uproar followed our sad plight. But the writer was none the worse for the drenching, being well provided with wraps of divers sorts, including an over-coat, whose property we are unable to find out, though our suspicions incline strongly toward a certain individual—a *six-footer* judging by the length, breadth and depth of aforesaid coat. "Returned when called for." "Only the masculine sex, and no other need apply." "Old Sol," taking compassion on the more unfortunate suffering from the effects of the rain, now came forth, giving them ample time to shake their plumage, and regain their dignity before landing, which we did an hour after, tired out, and footsore but declaring in our hearts, that a day of real enjoyment was never so profitably spent as that at Grosse Isle, July 5th, 1880, including the ride on the steamer "Grace Grummond." May the second annual picnic of the Michigan graduates be as successful as the first, is the wish earnestly hoped by the writer.

My next place of sojourn was to Oakland Co., Michigan—thirty miles from Detroit. Here a week was pleasantly spent. Oakland Co. is one of the most beautiful counties of Michigan. Several small lakes are found here, affording fishing, moonlight rides and cool breezes; the tonic effect of the climate is a delight to all at this season of the year.

July 16th, found me once more in Detroit, where we board the steamer "Alaska" and are now bound for Put-in-Bay—an island in Lake Erie. It is noted as the scene of Perry's victory in 1813, and has since become quite famous as a resort for pleasure seekers, containing several hotels, the largest being the Beebe House. It is also the location of Perry's cave, which is about half a mile from the steamboat landing. A visit to this cave must only be seen to give an idea of the wonderful creation of nature. It is two hundred feet long, and one hundred and sixty-five feet wide, and is spanned by a single arch. At the further end is a beautiful lake, as clear as crystal, from which the visitor is allowed a cooling draught. To all lover's of nature, I would say "do not fail to see this cave on Put-in-Bay Island"—one of the wonderful creations of our continent, both pleasing and attractive to the eye. Leaving this romantic spot, we find ourselves in Windsor, Canada, where a day is pleasantly passed.

Three days more in Detroit, and we *bid* adieu to *friends*, especially to Mr. and Mrs. Ranspach, whose hospitality we enjoyed, and who spared no pains to make our visit all that it could be. And to the other *special friends* of the writer, we will say, in the words of "Rip Van Winkle"—"Here's to your health; may you live long and prosper."

July 20th finds us safely anchored at Logansport, Indiana, where a week is spent visiting among our "sisters, our cousins and our aunts."

The next point of destination will be "Home sweet home" until the 25th of August, and the "National Convention," may find me at the "Paris of America," which, I have no doubt, will be a grand success, especially under the management of R. P. McGregor. To all readers of the JOURNAL, I will say, if you contemplate a visit to Michigan, do not fail to visit Detroit, and other points of interest; you will find it all that your fancy painted it.

LIZZIE E. SHROYER.

Encouraging!

DEAR JOURNAL:—Mr. L. W. Saunders and family, of Jackson, Miss., and Messrs. James Ward and Walter B. Dubridge, of this town, are here with us now. We are having a glorious time with them. I have been a constant reader of your able and well-edited paper for some years. Allow me to state that there is no paper I know of that expresses its sentiments to the point in fewer words, than the JOURNAL. Long may it live and prosper, is the wish of one of your subscribers. Respectfully,

MATTIE P. SLATE.

OXFORD, MISS., June 23, 1880.

The Philadelphia policeman who turned into stone is, strange as it may seem, a greater curosity than the one who turned into a beer saloon.

Authors are spoken of as dwelling in attics, because so few of them are able to live on their first story.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Detroit,	August,	1st.
New York,	"	8th.
Philadelphia,	"	15th.
Cleveland,	"	22d.
Cincinnati,	"	25th.
"	"	26th.
Pittsburg,	"	29th.
St. Louis,	Sept.,	5th.
Chicago,	"	12th.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

"COLUMBUS."

SOME RANDOM THOUGHTS ON THE DEAF-MUTE PRESS—NOTES.

These are dull times for correspondents of the deaf-mute press, who are expected to supply their papers weekly, with a letter of the doings and happenings of the institution which they represent. What makes the task an extremely difficult one just at this time of the year, when the pupils are scattered throughout the country far and wide at their homes, is the fact that there is scarcely anything occurring at these places that will interest the general reader of the mute persuasion. And unless he writes something concerning Tom, Dick and Harry, or Miss So and So, who are deaf, the subscribers of such a paper commence complaining that it is a poor journal, not worth its subscription price, because it never contained any thing about deaf-mutes, and a great many more such unsavory complaints. As a consequence, the proprietor of the paper—however much he may endeavor to get out a readable sheet—soon finds his subscription list dwindling away, with no cause to assign to it. The secret, we think, lies in what we have just said above. Let the editor fill his paper with little items and matter about the mute community. Let there be a sprinkling of the grave and gay, spicy and sarcastic, with other general information, and he will soon find that his paper is not only sought for, but eagerly read.

We are not inclined to blame the mutes for their partiality to such papers. They form, let it be remembered, a distinct class of their own—at least they are looked upon as such—and why censure them then for their preference to deaf-mute papers, which keep them informed of the happenings and doings of their circle.

The Methodists, the Presbyterians, and in fact, nearly every church and the various secret and benevolent orders, have a paper of some kind published in their interest, for the use of the members thereof, by which they are supplied with general information effecting their church or order.

If it is right and proper for such denominations to publish papers for the benefit of their members, why should it not in the case of deaf-mutes?

We are aware that there are some, high in the education of the deaf and dumb, who have, time and again, made it a point to discourage the printing of such papers, claiming that the reading of them have an injurious effect upon the mute. They insist that other papers should be read by him in order that he can keep up with the general doings of the times, and at the same time, improve his English.

They may be correct in their view, and we do not wish it to be understood that we advocate the reading of deaf-mute papers only, and excluding or ignoring general newspapers. We would advise every mute, for his own benefit, to subscribe for several good newspapers. One of them should be published in the city or town where he resides, that he may know what is going on in his neighborhood. At the same time, he should also secure himself a deaf-mute paper, in order to keep a general run of things happening among his class. By following such a plan, we can not see where any harm can insure.

If the publishing of a paper devoted to the interests of the mute has injurious tendencies because it partakes too much of a class or sect paper, we might, for the same reasons, urge against religious and society papers; because such publications are devoted exclusively to the cause for which they were established.

Deaf-mute papers have become quite numerous within the past few years. Ten years ago the *Silent World*, long since dead, and the JOURNAL, were things unthought of at that time. The *Chronicle* and *Advance* alone had the field to themselves, and have grown up to be the rosters of the Deaf-Mute Press. The *Advance*, when it first appeared, was a novel in its features, and the way it murdered the King's English, no doubt had much to do in causing the sentiments against the publication of such papers for the deaf and dumb. The *Advance*, however, has wonderfully improved since then, and in comparing its present issue with that of ten years ago, the contrast is striking and commendable.

The *Chronicle*, staid as it is, still manages to hold its own, and has likewise improved since it first saw the light. Now that its control will be under the direct supervision of the Superintendent of the Institution, where changes of foreman in the printing office will be less frequent, we may expect still better results.

The JOURNAL, commencing with a column devoted to deaf-mute news, printed in connection with a country paper, has lived to become entirely independent, and may now rightly be called the Boss of the Deaf-Mute Press. It is the largest in size, and as regards contributors, they are getting to be as numerous as blackberries in their season.

The other deaf-mute papers, too, are not lacking in improvements, and one can easily perceive in their make up, that they supply food to their readers, not at all suggestive against their publication by those opposing such papers.

One good result brought out since deaf-mute papers were established, is seen by the numerous writers for such papers. Nearly every paper has one or more now, and that it is a good sign in deaf-mute education, we think is apparent. The general standard of intelligence among mutes graduating from our institutions, is now much higher than it was some years ago. We do not lay claim that it results entirely from having deaf-mute papers published, but we think they have been, in some respects, instrumental in bringing it about.

NOTES.

Vacation for this Institution is a little more than half over.

Robert King came bounding into Columbus yesterday, minus, however, that base ball club with which he proposed to do such wonderful things this season.

For the benefit of "Hieronymus," we will state that we are no near or distant relative of Christopher Columbus, nor have we any desire to be. Our *nom de plume* is simply taken from the name of the city which forms our present habitation.

Perhaps "Hieronymus" is correct, and perhaps he isn't, in making out "We, Us & Co." At any rate, judging by his last letter, he has had a little aid from a gentleman from the "Solid South."

If we failed in making a discovery, it was because our horn wasn't long enough to reach the city of "Brotherly Love." We have made another observation with our horoscope, and are permitted to set "Hieronymus" down as J——H. K. We have still some faith, however, that our former discovery was a correct one.

The mother of Charles Rankin was buried last Sunday. She died in her 71st year. Charles has been employed in the State bindery here ever since it was first established, in connection with the Institution, in 1868, and with his earnings supported his mother.

COLUMBUS.

July 30, 1880.

"Mignonettes."

"We, Us & Co.'s" Harvestings from Ohio reminds us of a story we once read about a Gipsy Fortune teller, and for his special benefit we give it here.

"Hark, my maiden, and I'll tell you
By the power of my art;
Of all the things that e'er befell you,
And the secret of your heart,

"How, that you love some one, don't you?
Love him better than you say.
Won't you hear, my maiden, won't you?
What's to be your wedding day.

"Oh! you cheat with words of honey,
You tell stories that you know;
Where's the husband for my money
That I gave you long ago?

"Neither silver, gold nor copper,
Will you get this time from me;
Where's the husband tall and proper
That you told me I should see?

"Coming still, my maiden, coming
With two eyes as black as sloes;
Marching, soldierly and humming
Gallant love songs as he goes.

"Get along, you stupid gipsy,
I won't have your barrack beau,
Strutting up to me half tipsey,
Saucy, with his chin up so.

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your handsome sailor's name,—
I know every one, that's better;
Thank you, gipsy all the same.

"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so,
Now I see the die is cast,
And the day is Monday next—No,
Gipsy, it was Monday last."

We are afraid that B. O. R. R., Cincinnati, Seymour, Vincennes and Evansville news contained too much exaggeration. A cousin of Gen. Garfield, our next President! O, sakes, just hold our head.

The Colorado correspondent thinks there is a good chance awaiting you and *I*, "Josephine." Stuff!! fancy us two a settler's wife, when 'tis hardly in our line to enact love in a cot.

Harry White spoke of the South as "that land of dark-eyed beauties," but it has many a perfect *blondine*, and we would advise him not to go South and attend any of those *fancy* balls, or he will be forced to exclaim, "Their eyes! they shine like the stars of a southern night, blazing with beauty, and champagne. Isis and Osiris guard me! but I never saw such eyes," and he will remember Marc Anthony and his glorious sorceress of the Nile, for there he could see the justification of his follies and the explanation of his flight from Actium.

"Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow." (?)

"Jane" (which is it, Jemima Jane, Jerusha Jane or Susan Jane)? of Boston says, "Josephine" (must be veritable "Jane," herself), went to the Willow Dale picnic for the express purpose of hauling in "Lester Montrose," but we ain't afraid to wager a "salt-are-diamond" that she didn't catch the whale.

Your BOSTON BOY *almost an Editor*.

How astounding! Next thing we know he will be sent to "Heathen China-land" at the government's expense.

"Colorado" says he and Mr. Livingston have both "betted" on $25. Now Mr. Livingston, we never thought that of you, and we don't believe your mother knows you are out.

We imagine those new debutante's, Okojimbo and Gege are both

"Accomplished *ladies*, who make an organ (?) squeal and moan,
While their poor old mothers late and early work their fingers to the bone."

"Archemides'" half dozen girls (weren't they his sisters, his cousins his aunts? Not Pinafore) on his arms all day long." Well, well, we don't care so long as we have half a dozen boys in tow, and then two is company, half is *none* you know, of course you do.

And so you and Okimbo and Jege were born and bred grangers, and sometimes afar you roam. We sincerely hope you *won't never* share the fate or have to "sing that song" of the rover who said

"I will return to my old love once more,
So true she is that well I know
The heart that held me long ago
Awaits me as of yore."

"He came when south winds sighing pass
Over fields of cow slips gold,
But underneath the trembling grass
Her heart lay still and cold."

O stupid, "*Hiermuss*" we didn't say "Lester Montrose" could beat your guess all to splinters. We said that he could beat *that Springfield printer*, but then "L. M." was not the *Lester* we referred to. Now you see how wise you are.

No, you don't know how sweet "Mignon" is; we wasen't mad when we sat for that photo, and our gentlemen friends always say we are sweet when mad.

"Oft at eve when twilight holy,
Earth her mantle casteth o'er;
Cometh one who walketh slowly,
Slowly *past* our open door.

"Walketh by all sad and lonely,
Sometimes walks he back again;
No companion hath he—only
With his segar and his cane.

"Slowly walking, to none talking,
Goes he forth back again;
Sad and lonely, with him only
Always that segar and cane!

"Never, while the sun beams garish,
Pour upon the earth their light,
Has that form a little sparish,
Has that moustache met my sight?

"But when sounds of insects humming
Hymn the praise of eve's fair star,
And Miss "Bella" begins that strumming
After tea on her guitar.

"Then I spy him far off coming
By the light of his segar!
But whence comes he, or where goeth,
None can tell me—no one knowth.

"Whose are that segaw and cane!
To the right or left ne'er looking
Onward as he slowly goes,
Interruption never brooking.

"After his segar and nose;
Is he single still?—or maybe
Doomed thus far to roam;
Thinks he of a wife and baby

"He was forced to leave at home?
Much I fear though ('t would appear so)
If the truth were fairly known,
That this walker, though no talker
After all is but a drone;
Idly stalking—smoking, walking
With segar and cane alone!

Miss Sheridan talks of a *Chatauqua* trip. Miss Hiatt purposes a trip "Iowaward." Miss Robertson took passage on a magnificent U. S. Mail Line Company Steamer, for a trip down *la belle* Ohio. Miss Shroyer has just returned from "Northern Lake." The gentlemen teachers, we presume, are just resting on their oars.

Enough for this once.

We go to the country to rusticate for a few weeks, and next time we may be able to tell you what a belle we are among the country swains.

"MIGNON OF BROADWAY SQUARE."

Connecticut News.

Ira H. Derby, whose name is prominent in Boston and its vicinity, has been spending a couple of weeks here around. He went to the M. L. A. picnic July 13th, expecting to meet your correspondent, "Bertie" there, but was very much disappointed. He was however, in company with "Geraldine." They were of course classmates together at the Hartford School. Oh my! where is your "hubby," "Geraldine?" for we did not believe "Young Bachelor" really said you were married. Eh! aint you? Pray, does report speak truly?

On leaving New York, Mr. Derby brought his brother (so called) "Little Giant" to Bridgeport, to the house of Mrs. Robert Beers, a charming sister of Mr. D. "Little Giant" stayed one night there, and next day started for New Haven, to make a visit on his way to Boston. Good bye, come again, little boy.

Mr. Derby honored "Bertie" with a very pleasant visit the other day. He saw us too. We were highly gratified at his unexpected visit. His manner appeared noble and dignified. He informed us that there must have been as many as four hundred mutes at the M. L. A. picnic. Indeed, so many!

Much to our regret, we could not stay any longer, and promised to come again very soon. He says he had dropped in for a call at the house of Miss Lockwood, of Stamford, a young deaf-mute lady, and enjoyed his visit very much. He anticipates going to call on "Geraldine" in New York today. From there, whether he has gone to Boston yet or not is not known to us, but he has our best wishes for a pleasant voyage and safe arrival.

Rev. Mr. Turner stopped in Bridgeport one day last week, and, before a fair audience, delivered a sermon on the subject, "God is love," in the evening. We noticed Mr. Derby was one of his hearers. About five mutes live in that city.

By-the-by, "C. F. M.," you want no New Englander to be elected president at the Cincinnati Convention. You forget, do you not, that *les plus sages ne le sont pas toujours?*

Mr. William Lambert, of New Canaan, was severely injured last week, in being knocked down by a wagon there as he was crossing the street. He received several bruises of a dangerous nature about the head and elsewhere. A doctor was sent for, and rendered his condition as comfortable as possible. To-day, the prospects of his recovery is favorable. He is about forty-seven years old and unmarried.

We are so delighted at the idea of the N. E. G. A.'s convention being held in Boston, and wish it as steady *comme il fait*. We fancy what a time we would have!—it would seem like the old school days coming over again. No pains must be spared to make the affair a brilliant one.

LA FAYETTE.

July 26, 1880.

Gleanings from the Quaker City.

Hot weather!

It rained yesterday.

The streets are not muddy.

The sun shines brightly over the city.

This is fearful weather—annihilates all enmities and makes every body wish to be cast in the shade.

Many young ladies hereabouts spend much of their time at Ocean Grove or Long Branch, and other watering places.

This is leap year, and the girls are taking advantage of their privileges. They never slight a good opportunity.

Vacation means absolute rest and radical change in surroundings.

On the 3d of July, Mr. John R. Lewis, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, was out on an excursion to reading, Pa., where he spent his three days' vacation with old schoolmates and neighbors.

The young daughter of Mr. John Robb was baptized by Rev. H. W. Syle in St. Stephen's P. E. Church, last May.

Mr. Simeon McCurdy, formerly a pupil of the Pennsylvania Institution, was Married to Miss Annie (?) Parvis, a mute sister of Mrs. Kate Campbell, on the 5th of July. Rev. Mr. Syle performed the ceremony. We wish them prosperity and happiness.

Samuel Hains, a deaf-mute of Reading, Pa., was instantly killed in Hamburg, on Friday, July 16, by a lightning stroke.

William Williams, a colored deaf-mute aged nine years, accidentally got shot in the hand by a pistol, on Independence Day last.

Misses Lizzie B—— and Annabelle K——, how are you enjoying yourselves at Ocean Grove, N. J.? Your friends want to know how you are getting along there.

The Excursion of the Pennsylvania Unity Mutual Relief Society, under the management of Messrs. Joseph A. Roop, William H. Lipsett and Daniel Paul, Jr., will be given at Chestnut Grove, Andalusia, Bucks Co., Pa., on Thursday, August 12th. The steamer, Twilight, will leave the Chestnut St., wharf at 7 A.M. Foot races, sack races and other athletic sports for prizes, will be indulged in. The Excursion of Mt. Zion's Degree of I. O. O. F. with her band, will go with ours.

ZIGZAG.

July 27, '80.

THE MICHIGAN PICNIC.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—So much has been said about the Michigan Reunion and Basket Picnic, at Detroit, previous to its occurence, that I fear the subject is worn threadbare. However, I presume, a few remarks, about this all-important event, will do no harm, and I hope you will allow me to linger in your editorial sanctum a few moments.

The long looked for, and talked of, Michigan Re-union and Basket Picnic is now numbered among the many pleasant memories of the past.

Taken as a whole, and considering the obstacles to be met with, it was altogether a pleasant affair.

As the picnic was on Monday, many came over to Detroit on Saturday, the 3d of July, and procured lodgings whereever they could. On Sunday afternoon there was quite a large number gathered at the home of Mr. Grimm engaged in social intercourse. There was also another party of a select few at the pleasant home of Mr. Ranspach, so the time passed quite pleasantly for all on that day.

Monday morning dawned cloudy and rainy, which dampened our brilliant prospects, for that day; but rain or shine we were determined to go, and go we did, at all hazards, and on reaching the steamer—*Grace Grummond*—at 10 A.M. we found over a hundred deaf-mutes assembled there, doubtless possessed with the same spirit of determination to go, no matter what the consequences would be. The result was satisfactory to all, judging from the happy, smiling faces all around, as we greeted each other and became engaged in eager conversation, as we sailed down the Detroit River. As we neared Grosse Island it began to rain, but most all of us were prepared for this emergency, so wrapped in shawls, etc., and with umbrellas and baskets, we got off at the wharf and walked down to the Hall, not far distant. As it was then noon, we all began making arrangements for dinner, and such a scramble after tables and boards, and such rapid flying of fingers for the space of ten minutes, one never did see. Finally, we were all seated in the long hall, and all did full justice to the good things spread out. The ice cream and lemonade "corner" was well patronized by one and all. After dinner, it cleared off; but it was too wet to play croquet, so we sat around in groups or sauntered off in parties down by the river or on the wharf. Those who were fortunate enough to procure boats, went boating. Your correspondent had several boat rides and enjoyed the sport immensely, especially when a select few went a mile or more down the river.

Pleasure has its ending all too soon sometimes, and so did ours, for the approach of the steamer warned us we must be "homeward bound," and soon we were, much to our regret.

When not far from Detroit, it appeared that we were to have more rain, and soon it did come down in torrents, compelling many to seek shelter below. However, it soon cleared off, and the scenery just then was beautiful, for it was sunset.

Finally we reached Detroit, when some went home to make themselves presentable for the evening, while others proceeded directly to the Hall, where the Re-union was to be held. During the interval of waiting, those who went to the Hall took a walk around the streets or amused themselves by dancing or talking with each other. When all had arrived, we began to make arrangements for electing permanent officers for the Association. I will leave this subject for the Secretary of the Association to write about, for it is his business to do so.

After this business had been finished and a few remarks made by distinguished graduates, the meeting adjourned and we resumed dancing, etc., which was kept up until the "wee sma' hours" warned us that it was time to depart; and after reluctant good byes and leave takings, we all went to our various homes or temporary headquarters, tired out, but well pleased with the day's pleasure.

I will not forget to add that the "Lady of Lyons," *nee* Miss Lizzie Shroyer, of Indiana, created quite a sensation at the picnic and Re-union, and every one who made her acquaintance was charmed with her lady-like appearance and winsome manners. Don't "Mignon" wish she had been there? We wonder if she, "Mignon," will make as great a sensation at Cincinnati, as the "Lady of Lyons" did here. Hardly think so, but *hope* so for *her* sake, as she seems so anxious to be the main attraction there.

The "Lady of Lyons" recently spent several days at the house of an old time friend, in a retired place, not far from Detroit.

A. NEWCOMER.

VALLEY OF PEACE, July 24, '80.

DAKOTA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Yesterday I got a postal card from a friend who on learning that I had written and sent an account of Dakota, its climate and soil, etc., to the *Deaf-Mute Advance* for publication, says he does not take the *Advance*, but your paper and the *Silent World*, and asked me to send him the number in which my account appears. This suggests to me to write and send a sketch of that country, and its climate and soil for the perusal of your readers, some of whom are poor, and may be glad to come west, and get cheap homes. If they want to live on free farms they will have to prefer the homestead Law; but if they only want to keep or improve it for speculation, or perhaps until they are prepared to come and live on it, they will have to prefer the Timber Culture Act. The former requires the homesteader to come and live on it at any time within six months from the date of his taking up 40 to 160 acres of free government land, and to remain on the farm for five years. Then it will become his own. The latter requires the Timber Culture Claimer to plant, protect and keep in a healthy, growing condition for eight years ten acres of timber, from the time of his taking up any quarter section of government land, or five acres on any legal subdivision of eighty acres, or two and half on any legal subdivision of forty acres or less, shall be entitled to a patent for the whole of said quarter section, or of such legal subdivision of eighty or forty acres or fractional subdivision of forty acres. Those desiring to obtain circulars giving Homestead Law, Per-emption Law and Timber Culture Act in detail, can address Hon. B. F. Campbell, United States Land Office, Sioux Falls, Dakota Territory. All letters of inquiry pertaining to Dakota, the West, etc., must, to secure reply by personal letter, be accompanied by fifty cents, to pay for time, paper, postage etc., can be addressed to Charles Collins, Esq., Publisher, Brule City *Times*, Brule City, Brule County, Dakota Territory, or if they prefer, they can send five cents in postage stamps to Mr. Collins for the Brule paper of May 5th, and it will be sent to them giving all particulars desired. Dakota is a vast territory, and is rapidly being settled by an industrious class of people. The soil is rich and productive.

I took a trip in June last to Sioux Falls, partly to enter land (Timber Culture) and partly to meet Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann who, I learned, were to be there at that time. I was much pleased with the country and climate. The crops were looking well. My 160 acres of land is in Brule County, in Southern Dakota, and only one and a half miles from the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, which, it is hoped, will be finished to Brule City this Fall.

EDWARD P. HOLMES.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEB., July 23, '80.

Notice to Southern Mutes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—For the benefit of mutes from the South and Southwest who may pass through Louisville, Ky. I have seen Captain Carter, Superintendent of the Louisville and Cincinnati Mail Boat Line, and have obtained from him the following liberal reductions: The boats of this line will carry mutes to and from Cincinnati at $4.00, round trip, tickets good till used. This is just half what the railroads charge. The boats leave the wharf at the foot of Third street, Louisville, every afternoon at three o'clock and reach Cincinnati at 6 A.M. the next day meals and state room *free*. Members of the Convention going by this route will have their supper, a delightful trip up the beautiful river and a comfortable night's rest—for it is cool on the river, even on the hottest night. On arriving at Cincinnati, if they remain on board till seven o'clock, they will have their breakfast without extra charge. Tickets can be obtained on board, it only being necessary to state that they are delegates to the Convention.

CHARLES P. FOSDICK.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 27, 1880.

Biddeford News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Times are lively about York, Laconia, and Pepperall Mills, where some deaf-mutes work, and a whole army of men are employed. The new Cotton House Mill is going up rapidly, and the old Boarding House block is coming down to make room for the great factory that is to be built there. The York Mill is doing a large amount of work. It is thought that the new factory will greatly increase the business of Biddeford and Saco.

Mrs. Mary Evans, a semi-mute, whose husband died last March, moved from her home in Boothby to Portland, last April. She is anxious to get work as a housekeeper, or as a servant in a private family. She can do any kind of house-work, and any mute who needs assistance of that kind will be fortunate to secure her. She is in rather destitute circumstances.

DANGER OF KISSING A WOMAN

against her will:—A curious trial was recently held at Upper Biddeford, the prosecutor, stated that he was in the tape-room, where defendant, Caroline Newton, and her sister, who had come from Birmingham, England, jokingly observed that she had promised her sweetheart that no man should kiss her, while absent. It being a holiday, Mr. Saverland the prosecutor, considered this a challenege, and caught hold of her and kissed her. The young woman took it as a joke; but her sister was of a different opinion, and said she wanted as little of that kind of fun as possible. Mr. Saverland then told her if she was angry he would kiss her, too. He then tried to do it, and they fell to the ground. On rising the woman struck him, he again tried to kiss her, and in the scuffle she bit off his nose, which she spit out of her mouth. Action was brought to recover damages for the loss of the nose. The defendant said he had no business to kiss her. If she wanted kissing she had a husband to kiss her; a better looking man than ever the prosecutor was. The jury, without hesitation, acquitted her. The foreman said that if any man attempted to kiss a woman against her will she had a right to bite off his nose if she had a fancy to do so.

A few years ago Capt. Jacob Moulton, formerly proprietor of the splendid hotel (Bay View) at Ferry Beach, near Saco, Maine, started for the West, leaving his daughter, a deaf-mute girl, aged 19 years, in the care of Capt. F. S. Wallace, where she remained until a week ago, when a man by the name of Caleb Clark, her uncle, enticed her away, and secreted her among her relatives in this city. In spite of Capt. Wallace's, and Mrs. Moulton's efforts to find the girl, her whereabouts has not yet been discovered. On the other hand, the girl's friends deny the kidnapping, and state that the girl went away with two of her deaf-mute friends, one of whom was a former classmate at the American Asylum, at Hartford, Conn., named Miss Mary Carroll, of Boston, Mass. The other was Mrs. J. W. Page, of Biddeford, Me.

Nothing has been heard from Capt. Moulton since he left Saco. It was stated that her step-mother left strict orders with Mrs. Wallace that Miss Floretta Moulton was not to be allowed to go anywhere—she was not even allowed access to her own trunks. Her step-mother carried the keys away with her, and Mrs. Wallace refused to let her have the trunks unless she returned, which she refused to do. She then sent a policeman to demand her trunks and other things, and Mrs. Wallace had to give them up. She was overjoyed to receive them. She said she will always remember her two kind friends, for the assistance they rendered in rescuing her from the hands of Mrs. Wallace and her step-mother. She has since become the happy wife of Mr. Augustus H. Wood, of Lewiston, Maine.

J. W. P.

BIDDEFORD ME., July 26, 1880.

Mr. Barkley's Statement.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I see in the JOURNAL of July 8th, that "Columbus" has the impudence to write what he did not know about the picnic at Highland House, thus causing the members of the Literary Association to express their feelings of shame and amazement, at seeing the expressions of such sentiments. My personal acquaintance with all of the members, my solicitation for the success, and my appointment as a committeeman to fill the vacancy, have prompted me to claim the privilege of making the matter pertaining to the picnic clear to the author, and others.

1. The assertions concerning the refusal of the committee to recognize any one, and to give a warm reception, is quite a surprise to me, for it is none of these on their part to the best of my recollection. I should like to learn the name of the person "Columbus" referred to, and will gladly offer an apology, unless he was engaged as a spy. Probably it was not customary for such spy to make his business or desires known, or he would have received a warm reception. As for myself, I saw nothing about such man or boy coming from Columbus for the purpose of uniting with us in the entertainment.

2. There was no such existence of ill-feelings among the committee as to who should be boss, the appointments being previously made to their satisfaction.

3. The lively gate-keeper had no such difficulty in spite of the increasing rush for admittance, which was not until about eight o'clock in the night, and finally continued half an hour or a little more. If he had such, he would have applied for aid. At one time I asked him if he was tired and worn out. He answered, no.

4. As I was in the office most of the time selling the tickets, I observed that there were but few of the delegates present, not more than ten in number. As for the reduction of the admission fees to accomodate those who came very late, the 15 cents was not set until about two hours before the close, resulting in the sale of seven tickets, after which I fixed the money, collected from the beginning and left it with the chairman. In this connection, I do not consider it out of place to state that the proceeds amount to $266.25 which is really a handsome sum.

5. As for myself, I, with a friend, did not start for the grounds until one o'clock, as it was not expected there would be a large attendance until late in the evening. One of the committee was present in time to promote the entertainment of those doing likewise, which was unavoidably then, until that time when the number was sufficiently swelled.

6. In reply to the question, as to whether any prominent deaf-mutes were present, I would say that among the number were Mrs. Smithson, formerly of Europe, Mrs. Vance, of Ky., Mr. S——, of Lima, O., Mr. McGregor and Miss Gass, formerly of New York, as well as others too numerous to mention.

The countenances of many had led me to believe that they enjoyed the pleasures and privileges which did not exist at the other grounds. I had only time to ask a few and had received satisfactory assurance, which show that there are none of the complaints made by the resident of Columbus.

J. C. BARKLEY.

Moscow, O., July 26, 1880.

Letter of Thanks.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Grant me space to return thanks to the clergy, and lastly throughout the Southern dioceses, where I have just closed, for the Summer, most pleasant missionary work, for kind attentions shown and encouragement given in the prosecution of my labors among my fellow unfortunates—the deaf-mutes.

Since my ordination as deacon, last January, I have travelled in the dioceses of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina, stopping at prominent points, and at places where the interest of the mutes invited me.

I have been cordially received, and every facility granted me for the advancement of work committed to my hands. I have found the deaf and dumb grateful and happy in the prospect of having the Word frequently dispensed to them. I humbly believe that labors in behalf of the mutes are bearing, and will bring forth much good fruit.

May the good work be carried on until the coming of the Lord, when ears now deaf may hear, and tongues now mute may join in eternal praises.

With love and frevent good wishes for all who labour for the advancement of the Gospel in whatever capacity, I am humbly yours in Christ.

JOB TURNER.

Deaf-Mute Missionary.

$5,000 Reward.

Lost, a small boy about the size of a man barefooted with his father's shoes on, had an empty bag on his back containing two railroad tunnels and a bundle of bungholes. He wore a mutton chop coat with bean soup lining, was cross-eyed in the back of his neck, and his hair cut curly. He was born before his elder brother. When last seen he was shoveling wind off the city council chamber trying to raise money enough to visit F. Grote & Co., to select a White Sewing Machine. His Aunt Peter would deem it a favor to learn of his whereabouts knowing that if he visits F. Grote & Co., he will get a new machine; having heard from deaf and dumb persons, also ex-President Grant, Garfield, Hancock and Weaver, that this is the best and cheapest Sewing Machine offered in the city, where can he be found a large assortment of sewing machine supplies, such as needles, oil, &c., of the very best quality, and for all machines, and sold for the least money.

Whoever will give information concerning the above described child—he had black whiskers and moustache—will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Given under our hand and heel, this 47th day of Needle-ember, 1880, at the office, 322 Main street.

F. GROTE & Co.

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Dr. Bistoury's Night Watchman.

"Tell you what, Doctor; you'll be getting robbed and murdered one of these days; you will, upon my word!"

"Hardly, my boy. You ought to know by this time that it is the province of us doctors to kill other people, not to be killed ourselves." And with a thick chuckle at his own wit, Dr. John Hunter Bistoury settled himself comfortably in his chair, and began to peel his third orange as carefully as if he were taking off a limb.

When the Doctor first came to New York, thirty years before, he had in no way been burdened with riches; but his face had proved his fortune in a different sense from that of the over-candid milkmaid in the song. The mere sight of that round, florid, jovial visage, in every crease of which a joke or a good story seemed lurking, was a cordial in itself, and appeared capable of reviving the most hopeless invalid without the aid of medicine at all. Mindful of the human weakness which makes so many worthy people regard their own ailments as a sort of personal distinction, the lessening of which in any way, is a direct insult to themselves, Dr. Bistoury skilfully took a middle course between alarming his patients by an overserious view of the case, and offending them by appearing to make light of it. In this way he had acquired an enormous practice; and his reputation now stood so high, that the mere éclat of his name had sufficied to sell an entire edition of his great work upon "The Mutual Relations of Mind and Body," in which he proved to his own satisfaction, if not to that of all his readers, that all criminal impulses whatever, and indeed the very existence of sin itself, are wholly due to "a morbid action of the physical system"—that a murder may be prevented by the timely use of Epsom salts, and an unbeliever converted by a judicious contemplation of the virtues of quinine.

"I can assure you, my dear Harry," resumed the genial Doctor, "that it's amazingly flattering to me to find myself considered worth robbing at all. No thief would have thought me worth a centre-bit in the days when your poor father—as fine a fellow, Harry, as ever breathed—used to come and sup with me upon biscuit and toasted cheese in my little snuggery down town. And then, as surely as the time came to go, he'd turn to me and say: 'Now, Jack, old boy, won't you think better of it, and let me write you a cheque—just to give you a fair start, you know?' But although I knew well enough that he'd have been only too glad to do it, I had to refuse; for my motto is, 'Heaven helps those who help themselves!'"

"A motto which you'll find some black-masked gentleman exemplifying in this very house one of these nights," growled Harry Everett. "Look here, Doctor; I'm not joking—I'm not indeed! Everybody knows you're a rich man; and it's got abroad that there's a room in your house which is always shut up; the very thing to make people think there must be something very valuable stowed away there; and yet after all that, you go living in this big house without a soul near you except to cook and old Sam yonder, who wouldn't be worth a cent in a real scrimmage."

"Well, my boy," said the Doctor, with a curious smile, "would it tranquillize your mind if I were to engage a night-watchman?"

"I should think so. That would be just the thing."

"Very good. Consider it done."

This room, of which Harry had spoken as being "always shut up," was a standing puzzle to the Doctor's few intimates. Not a man of them had ever crossed its threshold; and its master, when questioned on the subject, answered only by some joking evasion. Rumor whispered that one adventurous gentleman, rendered desperate by his wife's threat to give him no peace till he found out "*what* Dr. Bistoury kept hid in that room of his," had actually attempted a burglarious entrance; but the attempt, if ever made, had been unsuccessful. It is needless to say that countless conjectures, and not a few heavy bets likewise, were being constantly made respecting the contents of this Bluebeard chamber. Many declared that the Doctor had fitted it up as a private laboratory, in the hope of discovering the Philosopher's Stone. Others were equally positive that it contained the hoardings of his whole life in American gold, his opinions being notoriously of the "hard-money" order. A rival practitioner, of a somewhat cynical turn, suggested that it must contain the remains of unfortunate patients who had perished from "that fellow Bistoury's" ministrations; and one imaginative lady, deeply read in "Jane Eyre" stoutly maintained that the Doctor, in imitation of the hero of that famous work, had immured his wife in this mysterious *oubliette*, in order to enjoy unchecked the freedom of a bachelor life. Against this ingenious theory there was only one thing to be said—the Doctor never had a wife to immure. This flagrant treason against the sex was the more unpardonable, inasmuch as he had abundant opportunities of changing his condition, had he but chosen to avail himself of them. To most of those who questioned him on the subject, he replied that he was wedded to his profession, and that any other union would be flat bigamy; but to his friend Harry Everett, in a moment of after-dinner confidence, he told a very different story.

"My medical cousin Alice was the woman who ought to have been Mrs. Bistoury, and an admirable fellow-practitioner she would have made for me. The way in which she once cut a splinter out of my thumb, did equal honor to her hand and her heart; and when she was only thirteen, she bought a skeleton with her uncle's birthday gift of five dollars (a fact), and articulated it in a manner that was really masterly. But in an evil hour, she became tainted with a fancy for homœopathy; and after that, of course all was over between us. Such is life!"

The Doctor's agreement to engage a night-watchman quieted Harry's apprehension for the time being; but a few weeks later, he returned to the attact once more. "I say, Doctor, have you got that night-watchman yet?"

"Yes; some time ago."

"Well, he don't seem to do his duty then, for I've passed this way at all hours of the night, and never see him. Are you quite sure he's to be trusted?"

"Wait and see!" replied the Doctor oracularly.

And Everett waited, but did *not* see. The invisible watch-man remained as invisible as ever; and Harry, out of patience with his old friend's seeming infatuation, had almost decided to take some decisive step on his own authority, when a new complication introduced itself into the drama. This was nothing less than the temporary retirement of the Doctor's veteran man-servant—popularly known as "Old Sam"—whose health began to give away so manifestly, that his master insisted on sending him into the country for a three months' holiday, replacing him by another man, who had volunteered promptly as if he had been keeping his eye on the place for a year past. The new-comer was a grave, smooth-faced, traciturn man, who moved as noiselessly as a shadow, and seemed a living combination of the two proverbial requisitives of a good servant, silence and obedience.

But although the Doctor and his friends highly approved of this model domestic, there was one man who did not. That one was Harry Everett, who lost no time in announcing his opinion. "Look here, Doctor. I don't always want to be bothering you about this robbery idea, but it's a fact that that new fellow of yours is up to some mischief. I was coming home pretty late last night, when I caught sight of him standing at the garden gate, talking to a couple of men. One of them happened to turn his face to the lamplight as I passed, and I knew him at once for a noted thief who goes by the name of 'Badger Bill.'"

"Indeed. Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. You know I never forget a face I have once seen."

"Ah! In that case, its time for me to *act*." This last word was so curiously emphasized, that Harry, who was not wanting in shrewdness, began to suspect that his persistent warnings to the Doctor had been superfluous, after all, and that the old gentleman was quite equal to the emergency.

This suspicion was confirmed one evening about a week later, when the Doctor dropped in upon him unexpectedly, saying: "Give me some dinner, my boy. You've no engagement this evening, I know: so I'm going to be very benevolent, and find you some amusement myself. Have yon ever read 'The Count of Monte-Cristo?' because you're going to see a chapter of it dramatized to-night, and pretty effectively, too, I flatter myself."

"What *do* you mean?" asked Everett, staring.

"Why, you see, I told my servants a few days ago, that I should be away from home to-night, and my cook naturally siezed the chance of getting leave of an 'evening out;' consequently, the house will be under the sole charge of that worthy man-servant of mine, against whom you're so unaccountably prejudiced. It's quite possible that the two honest gentlemen with whom you saw him talking the other night, may be kind enough to enliven his solitude with a visit; and so"——

Harry sprang to his feet, and cut a caper worthy of a dancing dervish, snapping his fingers by way of accompaniment. "Capital! first-rate! I see it all now! But come now, Doctor; why on earth couldn't you tell me before that you were up to the whole game, instead of letting me make a fool of myself by preaching to a man as smart as any six of me?"

"Never mind, my boy," said the Doctor, laughing. "Your warning was kindly meant, all the same. Eat your dinner, you'll *want* it before the evening's over, I promise you—and then we'll have our talk."

Dinner over, the Doctor lit one of his incomparable cigars which were his sole luxury, and proceeded to expound his plan of action. "I've locked up the outer room that opens into my mysterious chamber, which puts two strong doors between it and the robbers. My estimable servant will warn them of this, and they'll try the window instead. He'll let them in by the garden door, and give them the old ladder that lies beside it to mount by. *We'll* hide in the stable, which—thanks to my keeping my brougham elsewhere—has been unused so long that no one would dream of suspecting it; but I can open the door easily enough. And then"——

"And then," broke in Harry eagerly, "we'll go for them the minute they appear. It'll be a fine chance to try my new revolver."

"Better leave it at home," said the Doctor quietly; "we shall want no weapons for this job."

"Why, are you going to mesmerize the fellows?" asked Everett, completely mystified.

"Wait and see," chuckled the Doctor. "We needn't be there till eleven, for my honest domestic will make sure, before giving the signal, that I am not coming back; and besides, an experienced burglar seldom begins work till after midnight. The only thing to be sure of is that no one sees us getting in."

But in this, fortune favored them; and as the Doctor had foretold, the lock of the stable door, rusty as it looked, moved without difficulty, and the two conspirators glided in, unseen and unheard.

Weary, weary work, crouching there in the darkness, with ear and eye strained to the utmost for the first sign of coming danger. Dr. Bistoury's practised nerves bore even this prolonged trial easily enough; but to the impulsive, excitable Everett, it was absolute torture. Like all young soldiers, he found the suspense before the action infinitely more trying than the fray itself. The stable opened on the street close to the garden door, and its farther window, at which the two watchers had posted themselves, commanded the whole side of the house, the blackness of which was relieved only by a solitary light in one of the upper windows. Suddenly the light vanished, and reappeared a moment later—a performance repeated three times in quick succession.

"That must be the signal," whispered the Doctor. "Keep your ears open, Harry."

Courageous as Harry was, he felt his pulse quicken, and his hand went instinctively to the revolver which, despite the Doctor's verdict, he had persisted in bringing with him.

"Hark! Was that a stealthy footstep outside?"

The next moment came a low whistle, instantly answered from the house; and then a shadowy figure, issuing from the building, glided noiselessly to the garden door, and opened it to admit two others.

"They've got the ladder," whispered Dr. Bistoury, as the three phantoms crossed the garden. "Be on the lookout, my boy; you're going to see something worth seeing!"

The ladder was soon placed against the mysterious window; and Badger Bill, after whispering to his comrade to "keep an eye open," their worthy confederate, ascended, and cutting out a pane so dexterously that the sound was barely audible put his hand through and shot back the hasp. His two assistants mounted after him; and Bill, stepping cautiously into the room, turned the "bull's-eye" of his lantern upon its interior.

Instantly the treacherous servant recoiled with a stifled cry: Ain't that a—*a coffin* over yonder?" whispered he tremulously. "Good gracious! suppose there should be a dead man in it, and"——

"S'pose you should be a thunderin' big fool!" growled Bill savagely. "Shut your mouth, will yer, or thar'll be another dead man round soon. I'm a-going' right in *I* am!' And he stepped resolutely forward.

Crash! the coffin-lid opened, and a skelton, thrown out in ghastly relief by the red light that flamed in its eyeless sockets, started up with a hideous rattle, thrusting forwards its bony arms and grinning jaws, as if about to spring upon them. The *Sauve qui peut* of Napoleon was not more decisive. The honest servant gave a yell sufficient to wake the whole neighborhood, and rolled on the floor in convulsions. The second burglar, leaping backwards, dashed his head with such force against the corner of a bereau that he dropped as if felled with an axe; while Badger Bill, making a frantic rush for the window, overturned the ladder, and fell crashing along with it, breaking his leg in the fall.

"You see now, Harry," said the doctor, as they went up stairs after seeing their unbidden guests marched off by the police, "that my night-watch did know his duty, although there's nothing more unearthly about him than a few concealed springs, which are released upon the approach of any one, and a little phosphorus. As for this wonderful room, you see it's only a laboratory after all. But the stories that people told about it amused me so much, that I must plead guilty to having given them a good deal of encouragement. Now, let us be off to bed; and I think you may sleep in peace after this, for it strikes me it'll be some time before anybody robs *my* house again."

And, indeed, no one has ever attempted it since.—*Chambers Journal.*

Social Extravagance.

Never in the history of this republic has wealth been able to procure such an infinite variety of matter to please the eye, adorn the person and tickle the palate as now. The newly-rich man who could have spread his table in 1866 as a rich man can spread his in 1880, would have so far outshown all his comrades that they would have been ready to die with envy. The devices now employed for the display of wealth where utterly unknown ten years ago. "The newest thing" in what we may call social art sets the town agog only for a day. To-morrow brings a fresher and more costly invention to spur the jaded fancy. The trades that live on the extravagant whims and the vanity of men and women thrives apace. Professional caterers say that there never has been a season in New York in which so many costly dinners and similar entertainments have taken place as that which has just now passed. The customary old-fashioned dinner party has given place to what is called a *fete*. The guests sit down to a table which is an elaborate work of art. The decorations and service are brought together from the four quarters of the globe, and, above all, they must be different from anything ever seen or heard of before. There is a limit to eating and drinking as well as to the variety of the provision. Every social "rounder" knows the everlasting and invariable recurrence of oysters, soup, fish, roast, entrees, sorbet and game. The changes are rung on these courses with needless multiplication and "damnable interation," from December to Easter, with scarcely a pause for the pretended fasts of Lent. But lack of novelty in the menu is made up by the prodigality and gorgeousness of table adornments. The bill of fare is painted on satin, and each guest is provided with a souvenir of the festivity which takes the shape of a work of decorative art. In some instances, as if in despair of being able otherwise to out-do the latest extravagance, the guest is presented with gay knick-knacks, artistic trifles, and even articles of jewelery. "Favors for the german" are made to puzzle the good sense of their recipients with bits of costly bijouterie, the acceptance of which will make high-spirited people blush with mortification. Or at some festivity the host, amid other excellent fooling, invests his company with crowns, robes, stars and garters, making a little carnival of what might have been a pleasant social reunion. Ladies' lunch parties, or dejeaners as they are delicately called, are made to outvie the heavier feats of mere men. for the loveliest of God's creation refuses to be distanced in any possible extravagance. Children's parties are quite as sumptuous as those of the grown people. Though those may be held in the day time, they must be under an artificial light; and the tender darlings who should be nourished on simple food, and dressed in comfortable attire, are decked in silks and laces, bewigged and becurled, diamoned, gloved and laced "within an inch of their lives." To these poor little butterflies will be fed the same sort of indigestible stuff which their elders regale themselves withal. When these wretched children are grown up, if they survive this cruelty, life will have been exhausted for them. They will squeeze the orange dry before they are out of leading strings.

Extravagance is always vulgarizing. The tendency of the time in which sensuous pleasures dominate is inevitably downward in respect to manners, morals and real refinement. The painted, gilded, art-decorated and notoriety-seeking social extravagance of the present time has nothing to commend it but the poor plea that "it makes business for somebody, and keeps money in circulation." But the evil influence of such an unnatural condition of things far outweighs this doubtful good. Example leads to universal imitation. The millionaire who ostentatiously orders priceless Johannisberger at his club will be faithfully, though remotely, imitated by somebody who is very far from being a millionaire. He was a well-intentioned Crœsus, who, hearing one of the *jeunesse doree* propose a great piece of extravagance, promptly said: "I can not afford to join it." But aside from the malign influence of example, the vulgar prodigality of the time is destroying all the finer graces of life. Ostentation and display are fatal to the social virtues. There can be no sweet home life, no sacred domesticity, no rational comfort, in a family which has once been invaded by the desire to shine, and outshine, in society. When the demon of social discontent comes in at the door of a brown-stone front, all the better angels of our nature fly out of the attic windows. The grace and beauty of life are gone forever.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CUT THIS OUT AND PASTE IT IN YOUR HAT.

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF DEAF-MUTES WILL MEET AT THE



OHIO,

On the 25th of August, 1880.

The following hotels will entertain members of the Convention at the rates named:

Gibson House, Walnut St., bet. 4th & 5th Sts.,	$2.50 per day.
St. James Hotel, 4th St. bet. Maine and Sycamore,	$2.00 "
Galt House, Cor. 6th and Main Sts.,	$1. to $1.25
Reid's Hotel, 4th St. bet. Plum and Race, (without board, 75 cts,)	$1.50 "
Walnut St. House, between 6th & 7th Sts.	$1.50 "

These are all centrally located, and within easy access of the hall by street cars.

The Gibson House is a first-class hotel, one of the best in the city.

The St. James Hotel and Walnut St. House are very good ones, the other two are as good as any of their class. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

There are many other hotels, but these are the only ones the Committee have made special arrangements with so far. As soon as other arrangements are made, they will be announced in the JOURNAL.

Any information concerning Hotels, routes, etc., can be obtained by enclosing stamp and addressing R. P McGregor, 533 E. Rich St., Columbus, O., or J. K. T. Hoagland, 714 Main St., Covington, Ky.

R. P. McGREGOR,
A. F. WOOD,
J. K. T. HOAGLAND,
Local Committee.

CINCINNATI, O., May 31, 1880.

(Explanation of Cut:—The large building on the left and at top of cliff is the Bellevue House. The next building on the right is the engine house, and below can be seen the inclined Railroad with car ascending. Further to the right and in the distance, is the park or garden where the Deaf-Mute Picnic was held on the 12th of July. Below is a nearer view of the garden, terrace and part of the city.)

Longest Speech on Record.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been made by a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, named De Cosmos. It was in the interest of settlers, who were to be defrauded of their lands. De Cosmos was in the hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session. Unless legislation was taken before noon of a certain day the act of confiscation would fall.

The day before the expiration of the limitation De Cosmos got the floor about 10 o'clock a. m., and began a speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by 1 or 2 P.M. he wouldbe through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and went, and De Cosmos was still speaking—hadn't more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock—he was saying, "In the second place. Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till the next noon and kill the bill. For a while they made merry over it, but as it came on to dusk they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them because each one afforded him a chance to digress and gain time. They tried to shout him down, but that gave him a breathing space, and finally settled down to watch the combat between the strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy. No adjournment for dinner; no chance to do more than wet his lips with water; no wandering from the subject; no sitting down. Twilight darkened; the gas was lit; members slipped out to supper in relays and returned to sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. The Speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring and trying to look awake.

Day dawned, and a majority of the members slipped out to breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent or sustained speech. There were digressions in it; repetitions also. But the speaker kept on, and at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a whisper, his eyes were sunken and bleared and bloodshot, and his legs tottered under him, and his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours and saved the settlers their lands.—*Peoria Democrat.*

How Position Affects Sleep.

According to an English physician, Dr. Granville, the position affects sleep. A constrained posture generally prevents repose, while a comfortable one woos sleep. He says: Lying flat on the back, with the limbs relaxed, would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system. This is the position assumed in the most exhausting diseases, and it is generally hailed as a token of revival when a patient voluntarily turns on the side; but there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or embarrass sleep. Thus, in the weekly states of the heart and blood-vessels, and certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head, and produce troublesome dreams. In persons, who habitually, in their gait or work, stoop, there is probably some distress consequent on straightening the spine. Those who have contracted chests, especially persons who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs, do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so when in that position, because the soft palate and uvual hang on the tongue, and that organ falls back so as to partially close the top of the windpipe. It is better, therefore, to lie on the side, and in the absence of special diseases, rendering it desirable to lie on the weak side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand, it is well to choose the right side, because when the body is thus placed, the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines, and the weight of the liver does not compress the upper portion of the intestines. A glance at any plate of the visceral anatomy will show how this must be. Many persons are deaf in one ear, and prefer to lie on a particular side; but, if possible, the right side should be chosen. Again, sleeping with the arms thrown over the head is to be deprecated; but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles of the chest are drawn up and fixed on the shoulders, and thus the expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creatis a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headaches during sleep and dreams. These small matters often make or mar comfort in sleeping.

Scraps of Humor.

—There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, carries them over the dam—and don't you forget it.—*Wheeling Leader.*

Ah Foo Woo is a Boston Chinaman. His name sounds like the shivering of a woman when she gets out of bed on a winter morning and steps her bare feet on the cold oil-cloth.

—Washington's father was never known to use profane words. The nearest approach to it was when George confessed that he had cut down his favorite cherry tree. Washington, Sr., feeling his loss very deeply, immediately went to Mary, his wife, and exclamed: "My best cherry tree has been cut down, by George!"—*Yawcob Strauss.*

—It is said that such a thing as preventing cyclones is not to be thought of; they are the result of cosmic influences beyond our puny control. All that we can hope to do is to forecast them. Western people have no escape, however, they can live in holes in the ground and have a watchman to tell them when to dodge in.—*Rochester Express.*

The circus is coming," remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, "with an end of trained horses and caramels, hypothenuese and other denizens of the forest and jingle. How well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus! As we entered the tainted enclosure, I said to him, 'How terribly the wild animalcules growl, don't they?" I was eenamost frightened to death till Daniel told me it was only the venkoos of peanuts and prize packages plying their rogation."—*Boston Transcript.*

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